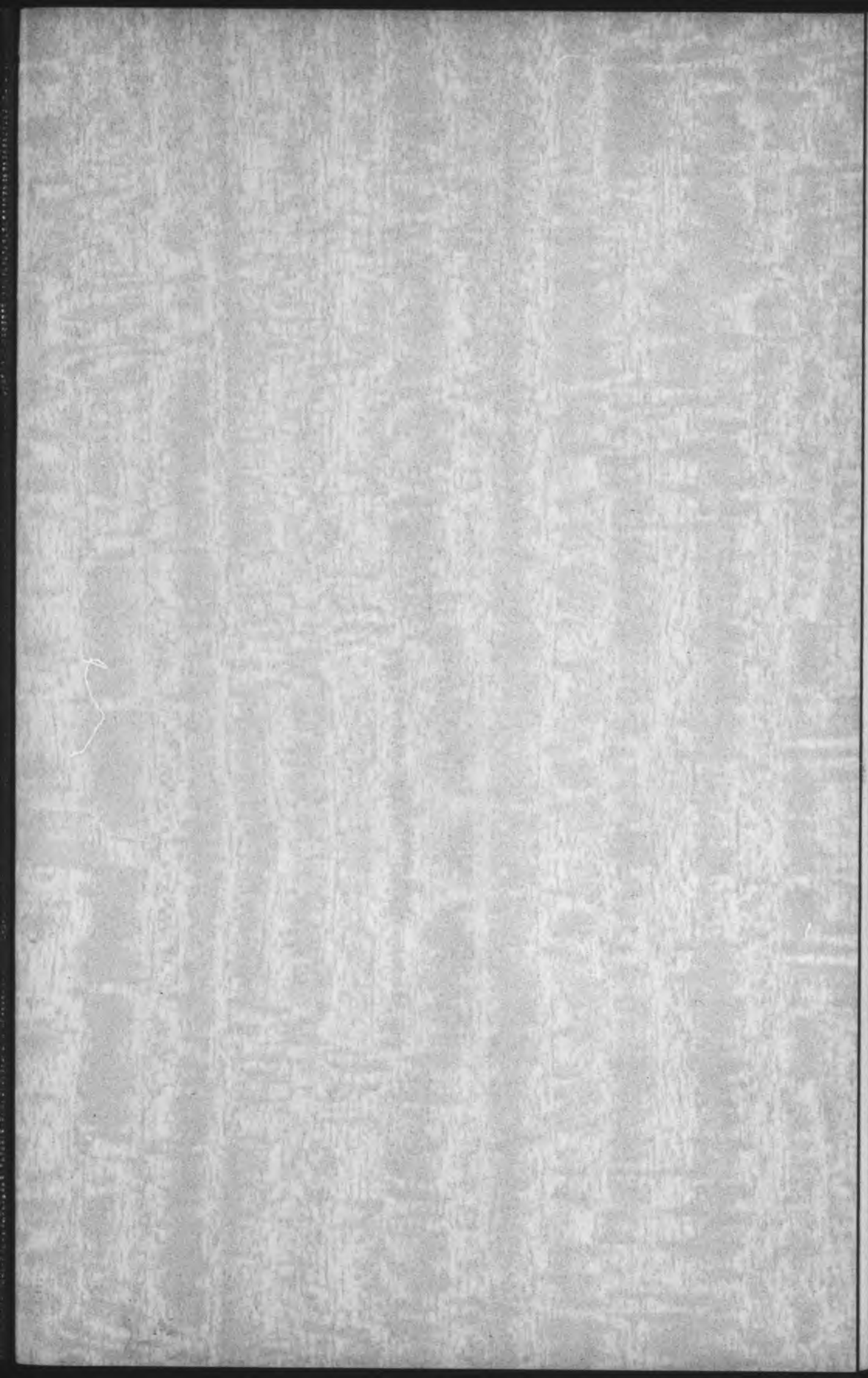




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# MEMORIES

ARTHUR T. WILLIAMS

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ARTHUR T. WILLIAMS



*Dedicated to my companion and father,  
Marcellus A. Williams*

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Arthur T. Williams

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## MEMORIES

**M**y father, Marcellus A. Williams, was a deputy United States surveyor in Florida for many years. My earliest recollection is of the stories he would tell me of the pleasures and hardships of camp life, his enjoyment of the evenings in camp sitting around the camp fire, listening to the experiences told by members of his crew, of that day and of other days. It instilled in my heart a great love for the woods and a determination, at the first opportunity, to experience some of the pleasures of camp life.

In 1870, when I was in my thirteenth year, my father got a contract to survey the country from the North end of Biscayne Bay to the South end of Lake Worth and between the Everglades and the Atlantic Ocean. I determined to use all my persuasive powers upon him and upon my mother to win their consent to my accompanying him on that trip. It was not very difficult to get my father's consent, because he was a firm believer in outdoor life, but my mother's vivid imagination conjured up all kinds of evils which could befall us. Thinking to frighten me, she told me Indians were in that country! In this she made a great mistake. It was the one desire of my life to see a sure enough live Indian!

As the trip would be in the summer months, during vacation time from school, I finally obtained my mother's consent. I was a happy boy! My father told me my duty would be to mend the clothes and make the beds at night. My mother fitted me out with necessary sewing material, and I, for days, practised rolling up blankets until I became quite an expert.

My father chartered the sloop "Cherry M", Captain Haig, to take him and his party from Fernandina to Biscayne Bay. We left Fernandina on April 27, 1870.

I might digress here in order to state that the Sunday before we left Fernandina, a school of black-

fish, a species of the whale, in size from fifteen to twenty feet long, came up in the harbor of Fernandina. The crews of vessels in the harbor and men and boys from the town, had great sport killing them with all sorts of weapons, from an old army bayonet on the end of a pole to a double-barrel shot gun. They succeeded in killing, I believe, eighteen. Strange to say, just two years after this, on either a Saturday night or a Sunday morning, a school of about the same size came ashore on the beach at Fernandina.

As I said above, we left Fernandina on April 27th. The first day out we had a fair wind from the North-east, a whole sail breeze, which carried us down, that day and night, to Mosquito Inlet. Captain Haig had business at New Smyrna, so the next morning he put into that port, where we remained a day and night, resuming our journey the next morning, the third day of the trip. From Mosquito Inlet to Biscayne Bay we had headwinds all the way and were five days making the trip. We arrived at Cape Florida, the inlet to Biscayne Bay, at night, and Captain Haig, not knowing the channel very well, decided to anchor and wait for daylight. A part of our party slept in the forehold of the ship, which was partially covered that night by the hatch. A rather amusing incident occurred when the Captain cast the anchor. The noise of the chain running through the hawse-pipe caused those sleeping in the forehold to think that the sloop had gone on the rocks, and they became panic stricken. The mainsail had been lowered on the hatch, so they could not get out that way, and they commenced to hammer and kick at the bulk-head between the forehold and the cabin. It took Captain Haig some time to quiet them and assure them there was no danger, and that what they had supposed to be the grinding of the ship on the rocks was the noise of the anchor chain running through the hawse-pipes.

The next morning we entered Biscayne Bay and sailed up near the North end, to the homestead of Ex-Lieutenant-Governor W. H. Gleason and his partner, W. H. Hunt, who had recently settled on the Bay. There we disembarked and pitched camp in front of Mr. Hunt's house, where we remained for a week or ten days.

At this time, I recall, there were only eighteen to twenty persons living on Biscayne Bay. The names, as far as I can remember, were Ex-Lieutenant-Governor W. H. Gleason, Mr. W. H. Hunt and wife, and a colored man named Andrew, living at Mr. Hunt's place. A mile South of Mr. Hunt's place, two young men, whose names I do not recall, had settled a homestead. Next, South of them and between Little River and the Miami River, an old Frenchman, Mike Sears and his son, George, lived. At the mouth of the Miami River, Fort Dallas, Dr. Harris and his wife and several children were living in the old stone barracks which quartered the United States Army officers when troops were stationed there. About a mile up the Miami River, on the South side, a man named Wagner owned a home, and a man named Pent lived with him. Wagner had a colored woman cook. The next neighbors were "'way down South" near the present site of Cutler, a Mr. Addison and his wife. This was the total population of Biscayne Bay, except the keepers of the light at Cape Florida, on the East side of the Bay.

After we had camped at Mr. Hunt's place for several days, I saw my first Indian. He paddled his canoe to the landing on Biscayne Bay, which was about five hundred feet from our camp. He came stalking up toward the camp, followed by a squaw and two piccaninnies, in single file. My father and his crew had gone out and there was no one in camp but the colored cook, George Norman, and myself. We both saw the



Indian at the same time, and I must confess I felt a good deal of uneasiness, especially upon seeing George glancing toward Mr. Hunt's house as though he were picking out a line of retreat in case of necessity; but we both stood our ground, and when the Indian came within eight or ten feet of us, George stepped forward with extended hand, which the Indian immediately clasped and asked George what his name was. He told George his name was "Tommy Doctor". He then advanced and I shook hands with him. George had heard somewhere, I presume, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, for he immediately prepared a meal for the Indian and his family, which they ate ravenously. That established peaceful relations between us and I carried on quite a conversation with the brave. Finally I bantered him to shoot at a mark with me with his rifle. I placed a piece of paper on a pine about seventy-five yards distant. He shot at it four or five times, and while he came near it each time, he did not once hit the paper. I at once decided, disgustedly, that he was not much of a hunter. He remained in camp all day and that night. In the afternoon, when my father and the crew got in, he again ate supper with us. After supper, when the camp fire was built up, we sat around the fire, including Mr. Hunt and his wife, Tommy Doctor and his squaw and two piccaninnies, boys about six and eight years old. Tommy Doctor was quite talkative, but his vocabulary, of course, was limited. I remember his squaw catching a gopher, which is a land turtle, and propping it up before the fire to cook. The poor creature was alive and it was really painful to watch its efforts to get away from the flames. It was, of course, finally killed. She then took it down to the Bay, tore the under shell off and put the meat in the top shell. She then placed it before the fire again until it was thoroughly cooked. I do not know whether they ate it that night or saved

it until next morning, but I do know that they ate a bountiful breakfast with us next morning.

While at this camp we hired from Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Gleason an army pontoon, which I suppose had been left there by the Army in the last Indian outbreak of 1858. We used this pontoon to transport our provisions and camp equipage, as we moved entirely by water.

Our next camp was on Snake Creek, where the military road formerly ran to Fort Dallas ~~across~~ the creek. *Crossed* Some of the old piling which supported the bridge across the creek, was still standing. While camped here we were visited by a number of Seminoles, among them "Young Tiger Tail", son of the old war chief, "Tiger Tail". He was then twenty-five or thirty years old. My father hired a canoe from him, the largest one I ever saw. It was four feet wide and eighteen feet long, dug out of a cypress tree. He delivered the canoe to us while we were at this camp and told us the next day he would bring the mast and sail.

The next day I was in camp alone as the cook had been sent to Fort Dallas for supplies and any mail that might be there. I vowed to myself that Young Tiger Tail would not come into camp without my seeing him, and every minute or two I would dart a careful look all around; but in the afternoon, when it came time to prepare supper, (I was playing cook that day) I stooped over the fire to attend to my pots. I heard a grunt behind me. I swung around to behold Young Tiger Tail standing, with the mast and sail on his shoulder, within ten feet of me! He seemed much amused at having startled me, but he was perfectly friendly, and sat down and talked to me until the men came in from work, took supper with us and left quite late for his camp, which was two miles distant.

While at this camp I bought a trio of chickens from

the Indians. One was a little yellow hen which laid an egg each day, until she was killed by a rattlesnake ninety days after I bought her.

We spent ten days at this camp, then moving to the head of the South prong of Snake Creek on the edge of the Everglades, and about half a mile from the Indian towns of Old Tiger Tail and Old Alex, which were about a quarter of a mile apart. Each of these villages consisted of twenty huts, each hut sheltering a family. These huts were covered with palmetto leaves and most of them opened on four sides, though some were enclosed on the East and ~~South~~ <sup>North</sup> sides. We estimated there were about two hundred and fifty Indians,—men, women and children—in the two towns. They had, evidently, been living in these towns for some months. Here, of course, we saw a great deal of the Seminoles. They visited us every day, often five or six of them in camp at one time,—all young men. The old Indians seemed to be suspicious of us and avoided us, with the exception of Old Tiger Tail. He called on my father two or three times. The first question he asked my father was whether or not he knew the Gambles of Tallahassee, and seemed very pleased to find he did know them and could relate something of them and their condition. The Gambles owned a plantation some miles from Tallahassee and it was a common rumor that Old Tiger Tail was a great friend of the family. He lived in that part of the State, and before the Indian outbreak of 1835, he warned the Gambles they had better move into Tallahassee because the Indians were going on the warpath. Old Tiger Tail was a very intelligent Indian, of great personal dignity, five feet ten inches tall, as straight as an arrow, and with abundant white hair. The first time he came in camp he complained that he had been having fever. My father mixed him some quinine powders and gave him directions how to take them.

He returned in about a week and told my father his medicine was "heap good, fever all gone."

The North line of Township 52, Range 41, ran through the edge of the towns of Old Alex and Old Tiger Tail, which seemed to arouse the suspicion of the Indians who did not understand its significance. The day before we intended to move camp to New River, our party went through Old Tiger Tail's town, without stopping, but when they reached Old Alex's town, my father stopped in order to take a rest and a smoke. He filled his pipe and asked the Indians for a light. At his request for a light, Old Alex said, sternly, "Hiepus", which means, "get out!" "leave". My father not understanding the meaning of the word continued to request a light. Old Alex got more and more angry, repeating loudly "Hiepus! Hiepus!", which amused the younger Indians, the women and children, and one of them finally brought my father a coal of fire. He, sensing Old Alex's hostility, ignored it, and very deliberately finished his smoke. He then went on with the line.

The sequel to this little scene came next morning. While father was eating breakfast, eighteen young bucks, under command of Young Tiger Tail, formed a semi-circle in front of our tent, took their Colt's revolvers out of their holsters and held them down by their sides. Young Tiger Tail then stepped in the mouth of the tent and told my father he had been ordered by the old Indians to come and make us "hiepus". My father remonstrated with him, telling him he was doing the work for the "Great White Father" in Washington, and if the Indians interfered with him, soldiers would be sent down and they would be killed or sent West. He said all this, however, much more emphatically than I have here stated. Young Tiger Tail, however, was a diplomat. He assured my father the young Indians were very friendly to the white, but, as he expressed



it, "old Indian no like white man for long time, old Indian kill white man, white man kill old Indian heaps." He said he could not go back to their towns until he had made us "hiepus"; if we would leave, he would help us load up our provisions and camp equipage in the pontoon, but that he would have to reclaim his canoe. My father consulted with his assistant and decided they could close up their work by noon that day and start for New River in late afternoon. He made Young Tiger Tail understand this, which plan proved satisfactory to him. He offered to stay in camp until my father came back and help us load up, which he and his companions did. The loss of Young Tiger Tail's canoe was a serious matter with my father, because he had intended to return the pontoon to Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Gleason and use the canoe in transporting our stuff to New River. We left about one o'clock in the afternoon and arrived at a little island in the Glades, about a mile from the Indian towns, before night overtook us. We prepared camp. During the night we could see large bonfires burning in the Indian villages and could hear joyful and excited shouts and yells. We supposed they were holding a "jollification" festival over having run us away.

We knew nothing of the route between Snake Creek and New River, consequently got quite a distance from the direct route, and well into the Glades. The second night, which was Saturday, we camped on what we supposed to be Sam Jones' Island, as shown on the map of the State compiled in 1857 under the orders of Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War. We spent Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night on this island. Monday, we succeeded in striking the headwater of New River, and went down that river to a point about where the town of Fort Lauderdale now is, and camped on the South side. We had been there several days when two canoeloads of Indians passed by on their way

to the beach to hunt bear. They stopped at camp and one of the young braves, named Key West Billy, came up to get some medicine for a sick squaw. My father and the men were out at work, no one being in camp except the colored cook and myself. I told Billy that we had no medicine which would do the squaw any good, but he insisted, so I put a half teaspoonful of seltzer afeirent in a tin cup, and tried to make her understand that when I poured water on it and it effervesced, she must drink it quickly. The moment I poured the water on it, she dropped the cup overboard with a most comical look of fright on her fat face. She could not understand why water should boil without any fire!

Young Tiger Tail seemed to take quite a fancy to me the little while we were camped near his town and I would frequently accompany him to his hut. On one occasion, he dressed me out in his chief's regalia, consisting of Eagle feathers stuck in my hair, and silver half moons strung along my breast,—four of them, I think, the bottom one about six inches from point to point, graduating smaller, until the top one was probably only three inches from point to point. Young Tiger Tail was the silversmith of the tribe. He showed great ingenuity in hammering out silver coin and fashioning different ornaments. I remember I bought two rings from him. One, a plain silver band, and the other a band with a blue bead setting. He had split the bead and stuck it on the band.

It was in Young Tiger Tail's hut, in Old Tiger Tail's town, that I first saw Old Tiger Tail. When we first came to this camp, he was absent on a hunt and he had just returned the day I happened to be in Young Tiger Tail's hut. I glanced across to the next hut and saw an old Indian with a drawing knife shaping a canoe paddle. He was such a dignified looking old fellow that I at once decided it was Old Tiger Tail and went

over and introduced myself to him. I asked him what his name was and I will never forget the pride with which he rolled out "Old Tiger Tail". We saw a good deal more of him in later years. He was a fascinating, and a very interesting character, a true Seminole—proud, dignified and intelligent.

Key West Billy, another one of my friends, had quite a history. His name came from the fact of his having spent several months in Key West. The story we were told by the settlers about him is as follows: One day he stalked into Miami and laid his rifle in a corner of Dr. Harris' little store, without saying a word to anyone. He hung around several days, looking very ill and sad, until the mail boat, which made semi-monthly trips to Key West, left. He left with it, and remained in Key West for several months. The Indians would send repeated commands for him to come back, but he paid no attention to them and did not return until Young Tiger Tail went to Key West to fetch him. Dr. Harris was then told of a tragic Seminole law: when a Seminole warrior committed a crime which was punishable by death, if he had a son old enough to be a warrior, that is, over seventeen years of age, he was forced to be his father's executioner. Billy's father had transgressed this law, and Billy had killed him. Overcome with horror, and sick in heart and body, he immediately came to Fort Dallas, and dropped his rifle in Dr. Harris' store. He never again took it up. The tragedy of the thing seemed to have weighed upon him so heavily that he wanted to get away from the Indians entirely. This, of course happened several years before we were there, and Billy had completely overcome his sorrow. He was usually the life of the crowd when he was around camp. He had, in his residence in Key West, learned a great many more English words than most of the other Indians, and could, therefore, converse quite freely with us. He was quite a dandy. He

made a startling entrance into camp one day with his usual hickory shirt reaching down to within two inches of his knees, and over that a white vest with large brass buttons, on his feet a pair of shoes which one of our negro men had discarded, and on the heel of each stuck out, proudly, a large brass spur!

There were two families living on New River at this time: a man named Hall, his wife, and two children on the South side of the river, and a Mr. Brown and his wife, two grown sons, two grown daughters and a younger son and daughter. Hall had a little farm, but Brown seemed to make his living by wreck and beach-combing. He owned a little schooner, which was manned by his two grown sons.

From this first camp on New River we moved down to a place known as Old Fort Lauderdale, on the strip between New River Sound and the ocean. It was only five hundred feet across from the fresh water in New River to the Atlantic Ocean. We camped in a grove of cocoanut trees which had probably been planted by the soldiers when they garrisoned this place during the seven-year Indian War. While at this camp we bought from a beach-comber named Farrell, a ship's yawl, about five feet beam and twenty-one feet long, and a ship's dinghey, a boat about four feet beam and ten feet long, which he had picked up on the beach. After the purchase of these two boats, we returned the pontoon to Ex - Lieutenant - Governor Gleason at Biscayne Bay.

At this time the inlet to New River was about five miles South of this camp, the New River Sound paralleling the ocean for this distance, but after Fort Lauderdale was settled, someone cut a ditch across from where we were camped, and it is now the inlet to New River. The place where we camped is now probably the middle of the inlet.



We had several camps on New River in surveying this township, in which the present town of Fort Lauderdale is located, and in which Lake Mabel and a great part of the town of Hollywood now are. Lake Mabel, at this time, had no name, and did not possess one for a good many years after. On this trip as a boy I remember landing on the West side of New River Sound in a very pretty tropical hammock which lay between the Sound and the present Lake Mabel. Some ten or eleven years afterwards, Mr. James A. Harris and myself bought this land. In 1883, we went down to look it over. While we were standing on the Eastern shore of Lake Mabel, Mr. Harris asked me the name of the lake. I told him it had no name, but that I was then going to name it for his sweetheart, Miss Mabel White, whom he, soon after, married. Some years after that, I, in connection with Major J. W. Bushnell, made a map of Florida, and on that map we named the Lake "Mabel", which name has stuck to it ever since.

We moved entirely by boat up the inside passage from New River to Hillsboro River, and from the Hillsboro River to Lake Boca Ratones, meaning "rat mouth", and then up to Orange Grove Haul-over, named from a wild orange grove on the banks of the lagoon about one thousand feet back of the sea beach. We camped at several places on Hillsboro River. At one of these places, opposite where the East Coast Canal now goes into the river, a rattlesnake killed my prize Indian hen one morning about sunrise. It struck her in the head and she lived until late in the night.

We saw no more of the Indians after the two canoe-loads which passed our camp on New River, which I have previously mentioned, and there was no particular incident on this trip worth mentioning beyond the fact that we were there all summer in the scorching sun, and fighting mosquitoes without number. Our last camp was at Orange Grove Haul-over, where my father's

contract was completed. We hauled our boats across to the beach and came up outside from there to Jupiter Inlet and then through Hobes Sound, Jupiter Narrows, and the Indian River to Sand Point, about a mile from the North end of the town of Titusville. Here, we had our boat hauled over to the St. Johns River, and down that river to the inside passage between the St. Johns and Fernandina. I think we were six days making the trip from the upper St. Johns to Fernandina.

The next year, 1871, my father was given a contract to survey the country lying between Lake Worth and the Everglades. We left Fernandina by the inside passage to the St. Johns River and thence up the river to Salt Lake, where we had our boat hauled over to Sand Point, Indian River, and then down that river to Jupiter Inlet. We lay at Jupiter Inlet several days waiting for favorable weather to get down to Lake Worth Inlet outside. My father employed the assistant light keeper at Jupiter Inlet to take our boat down as he knew the coast. My father and I walked down the beach. The boat left Jupiter Inlet one morning a little after sunrise, but a head wind soon sprang up, which retarded their progress and kicked up quite a sea. The manager of the boat found that it would be impossible to make Lake Worth Inlet before night and he beached the boat. All of our supplies and provisions got wet, which necessitated my father giving up the work of that trip and returning to Fernandina.

We went back again in 1872. We did not venture outside this time, but went up a creek running South of Jupiter Inlet to a point opposite the North end of Lake Worth. There were some three or four hundred feet of marsh between the open water of this creek and the high ridge between the creek and Lake Worth, over which we had to haul our boat. My father made some spades out of plank and dug a canal through this marsh to get to the ridge. After Lake Worth was settled, the

settlers used this canal for several years and it was known as Williams' Canal. We hauled our boat over into Lake Worth and camped on the lake about where the town of West Palm Beach is now. Our work lay so far West of Lake Worth that it became necessary for us to move our camp further West, and my father cut a road from Lake Worth to a fresh water lake, lying about three quarters of a mile West of Lake Worth and carried one of our boats across there, which transported our supplies and camp equipage to the West side of the fresh water lake, where we camped on a high peninsula running out into the lake. This camp was hardly far enough West and my father had to spend two or three nights in the woods, as he would be too far away from camp when he completed his work to come back.

On one of these trips when no one was in camp but the cook and I, I had the following dream: I dreamed that the next afternoon the cook and I were in camp when we heard someone holloa. We thought we recognized the voice as being that of one of our colored help named Mark. We answered his hail, and soon after he came in camp and told us that my father had sent him to tell the cook to prepare two days' provisions and meet him and his crew at a certain corner post about three miles from our camp. We did this, and the next afternoon started to meet them at the corner post. (I had never been through this country before, but I had seen it so vividly in my dream that I would have had no difficulty in going to the designated spot.) In my dream we saw two deer, came right upon them within thirty yards, and I shot and killed one, which we skinned, taking the hind quarter with us to camp. We got to the designated place before my father, but in a short while we saw them coming, my father ahead, his assistant next, and the men scattered out in single file behind him. We had supper, built up a fire, and finally

lay down to rest,—my father and his assistant and myself on one side of the fire, and the colored hands on the other side. I was awakened in the night by a jolt, in time to see one of the colored men split my father's head open with an axe. Of course this horrible dream awakened me and I failed to sleep any more that night. All the next day the dream bothered me, and as the afternoon wore on, a feeling of dread came over me that we would soon hear the negro Mark call to us. You can imagine how I felt, when an hour before sundown, we heard him holloa. He came into camp and he told the identical story I had dreamed. The provisions were cooked, and we started for the corner post. The only weapons we had in camp were my shot-gun, and a dirk knife, which I knew my father's assistant had in his suitcase. I got out the dirk, and put it in my bosom. I grapped my shot-gun with a good supply of powders and buck-shot. It was a muzzle-loader. We started for the corner post. When we reached the place where I dreamed I had seen the deer, they were there! I determined that part of my dream would not come true, so I did not shoot, which both the colored men thought very strange. We came to the corner post, and in a little while I saw my father in the distance just as I had dreamed seeing him. We had supper and finally lay down to rest. I was ashamed to tell my father of my dream, for fear that he would ridicule me, but I made up my mind to lay awake all night and watch developments. I think I did stay awake until early morning, when I fell asleep from exhaustion and cold, and was soon awakened by a jolt! I jumped to my feet, and came within an ace of shooting the very colored man I had dreamed of sticking the axe in my father's head! He had gotten up to replenish the fire and was in the act of throwing a stick of wood on it, which of course, was the jolt which awakened me. I did not sleep any more that night.



After eating breakfast next morning my father said he was not feeling at all well and determined to go back to camp with the cook and I, leaving his assistant to finish up the work. About two hours after we arrived at camp, my father was taken with a hemorrhage, which he had often had before, a bleeding from a weak blood vessel in his throat. It was a severe hemorrhage, and it was, of course, a fearsome thing for me to see him ill in the woods with no doctors or remedies of any kind within reach. The hemorrhage lasted about an hour but he felt no bad effects from it.

A few days after the dream episode, the work in this neighborhood was completed and we went down to the lower end of Biscayne Bay in our boat from Lake Worth to Bear's Cut, as my father had a contract to survey Elliot's Key and Key Largo and the intermediate keys. This was in 1870, the year of the Virginius affair with Spain, which came near causing a rupture between Spain and the United States. The American fleet congregated in Key West, consisting of about eighteen men-of-war and five or six monitors. Almost daily boatloads of deserters from these ships, mostly from the monitors, would pass our camp on these keys in sailboats, trying to work their way North.

There were about eighteen to twenty families living on Key Largo at this time, most of them having patches of pineapples from one to ten acres, and most of them owning small vessels from fifteen to twenty tons burden, with which they assisted vessels which might come ashore on the reefs, which extended out five or six miles from the islands. As we were there in early Spring, the insects were not very bad and it was altogether a pleasant outing for me. My father engaged passage in a schooner owned by Captain Sylvanus Pindar, called the "Gem of the Sea". It was a brand new vessel of about twenty tons, and a fine

boat. Captain Pindar loaded with pineapples, and transported us to Cedar Key, where we took the train for home. Captain Pindar, transferred his pineapples to cars, and distributed them in Jacksonville, Fernandina, and Savannah.

My father's next contract was to survey the country on the West side of the Everglades, about forty miles Southeast of Fort Myers. At that time, there was a steamer running from Cedar Key to Havana, stopping at Punta Rassa and Key West, Punta Rassa being at the mouth of the Caloosahatchie River about fifteen miles below Fort Myers. Our supplies and ourselves were transported from Cedar Key to Punta Rassa by this steamer and also our ship's yawl, which we had used on previous trips on the East Coast. At Fort Myers we hired an ox team to transport our supplies to our work, forty miles Southeast of there. Here we met several of our old Indian friends whom we had known on the East Coast, among them Old Tiger Tail. He seemed to have entirely gotten over his suspicion of us and was in our camp very frequently. He told my father that he thought it would be best for the Indians to have schools, but the other Indians did not think so, and his stand on the question therefore made him very unpopular with them. He talked a great deal about the war of '35 and '42, and at times would get very much excited describing the battles. He called the regular United States troops "Yankees", and the volunteers "Cow Boys". I remember very distinctly his description of the battle of Wahoo Swamp. He would say: "Yankee 'bam-bam,' Cow Boy 'bam-bam,' Injun he shoot 'bam-bam,' shoot plenty", and he would then imitate the cheers of the Yankees and the Cow Boys, winding up with the Indian whoop. His eyes would flash as if he were going through the experiences of years before in this very battle, where he was wounded in the left hand. My father asked him how many

Indians were killed during that fight, but the only answer he could get out of him was: "Injun kill Cow Boy, Yankee, plenty; Yankee, Cow Boy kill Injun little bit". He was a very intelligent Seminole and he appeared to have the welfare of his race more at heart than any others to whom my father talked. He also seemed to wish very ardently for the good will of the whites. As an instance of this, I will mention the fact that he travelled ten miles to an Indian's field where he got some corn, bringing it back to us on his shoulder for one of our oxen which was sick, as he had heard my father say it might recover if only we could secure a little corn.

We also met another Indian we had known on the East Coast—"Little Tiger". He was, as Old Tiger Tail, a very intelligent man. Just before we finished our work on this trip Little Tiger bought a barrel of flour from us and asked the cook to show his squaw how to make biscuit. A day or two after he had taken the flour and baking powder to his camp, the squaw returned with a dozen biscuits she had made. They were very good. I have often wondered if she had to increase or reduce the quantity of flour and baking powder our cook used when he was showing her how to make biscuits, if she would not be at a loss how to do it. Flour was then worth about \$12.00 a barrel at Fort Myers and buckskins about \$1.00 each, so Little Tiger agreed to give us twelve buckskins for the barrel of flour. He told us he was going on a hunt, but his squaw and his little boy, a child of about eight years old, would bring us the buckskins. The little boy brought them all to camp in three trips. He had to walk about two miles from his father's camp to ours. He was a bright little fellow, could not speak much English, but he wanted to learn, and would ask me all manner of questions. I had some magazines with pictures in them, which I would show him, and the little

chap would lie on his stomach in the tent and look at those magazines by the hour. His name was Coa Coochee "~~Little~~ Wild Cat".

Game was very plentiful in that country. Three young Indians hunted around our camp three weeks, and in that time, killed ninety-seven deer for their hides alone, which they tanned into buckskins and sold for \$1.00 each.

This trip was in the early part of the year, when mosquitoes and other insects were not troublesome. The country was very dry, which was an unusual thing for that part of the State, as most of it is under water in the fall of the year. This was the last trip I made with my father on surveys, but with the experience I had in the four or five trips, I felt I had become a pretty fair marksman and had had a taste of the pleasures and hardships of camp life.

The pleasures I remember distinctly, the hardships have long since faded out. They instilled in me a great love of the woods, which to the last day of my life I shall never forget. Since those early years, I have spent fully fifteen years of my life in a tent in camp. There is no light as beautiful as the light of stars in a clear sky; no warmth as satisfying as the glow of a camp fire on the white walls of a tent, and no peace as restful as the peace of the woods at night when man's work is done.





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